Worth Saying

By Harry Golden

School Without Heart

Harry Golden is known as the "Yankee Jew" of Charlotte, North Carolina, where he settled 17 years ago to establish a monthly paper, The Carolina Israelite. His paper has no room for news, pictures or headlines; it is filled instead with discourses on literally everything.

The printed product of this former New York promotion man, hotel clerk, teacher and ex-convict (mail fraud) is read in the U.S. by more Gentiles than Jews. Subscribers include Chief Justice Earl Warren, Adlai Stevenson and Thomas Dewey.

HARRY GOLDEN

Forty-five years ago when I went to Public School No. 20 on the lower East Side of New York, I used to bring home a report card once a month that read English, History, Spelling, Penmanship and Civics. As a mark I used to get "A," "B," "C" or "F" in each of these subjects. On the bottom of the card was another entry reading "Deportment." Deportment meant whether you were well behaved or rowdy.

Our mothers, many of whom read no English, could understand those report cards at a glance. Even the most recent immigrant could see if we had accepted the responsibilities of a free education.

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I don't know anyone who can read today's report card. A young boy showed me his report card recently and his progress in Latin was judged thus: "This student seems to be making a concentrated effort to adjust to the group but he has trouble with inflected languages." But why didn't the teacher write home whether or not the boy could read his Caesar in terms of "A," "B," "C" and "D."

Students are no longer divided into freshman, sophomore and what-have-you. They are divided into peer groups. I always thought peers sat in the House of Lords and the only time you ever heard of them was when one wanted a trial by his peers (who usually gave him a stiffer sentence than the commoners).

Jealous? No—Just Interested

Thinking about the way I was educated back at PS 20 or at those evening classes at CCNY makes me sure that I learned more than any of the kids who attend those long, low-slung ranch-type schools of today. Often I hesitate to say this. People who can't read those report cards think I am jealous. This is not true. I am not jealous. I am simply interested in education.

I say that in my day there were not 27 electric ranges on which young girls could make fudge between classes in language arts and "The World We Live In." We called these classes English and civics. I only say this because I am not convinced that the money and energy we spend on education are producing intelligent children.

* * *

I cannot correct the educational system. Neither do I intend to, nor do I think I am capable. But I can put my finger on some of the trouble spots. One of these is that we take the PTAs seriously, but not the teachers, and the other is that we take the psychological tests and the intelligence quotients seriously, but not the children. We heap indignities on the two most important elements in education — the teacher and the student.

No Heart in Pschological Tests

As far as intelligence quotients and psychological tests go, they are used to judge children but they have no heart and no conscience. The The children know that all these tests will do is either doom them to the classes for "slow" and "middle" learners.

While educators say this is an easier and better system—which I do not doubt—they also say that the children like it better—which I do. Children probably like the "fast" learners' class, but none of the kids is knocking himself out to get into the "slow" class. Some of them have been known to cry bitterly at this assignment. When you come down to it, the children in the educational system are considered by nobody.

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We should respect children and have more reverence for them and let teachers teach for as many hours only as they have joy and delight in teaching. And we should not clutter the teaching profession with the time-consuming work of attending PTA sessions and educational conferences (where no children are ever present) and preparing lesson plans for every minute of the day.

If we ask teachers to have reverence for their work and their charges, perhaps they will work hardest with those students who have the least actual power or achievement.

And the next step is that we issue report cards again with "A," "B," "C" and "F." If the educators will make these two concessions, I will gladly second the proposal that the school buses be equipped with a trained psychologist as a driver.

THE VOICE OF ONE

By REV. DR. FRANK S. MORLEY

The kindest people the world has known have been church members, but also the cruelest. Some of the most vindictive, hard-hearted and unforgiving people in history have been devoted churchmen.

The historian Lecky records, "In every prison the crucifix and the rack stood side by side, and in almost every country the abolition of torture was at last effected by a movement which the church opposed and by men whom she had cursed. . . . Almost all Europe, for many centuries, was inundated with blood, which was shed at the direct instigation or with the full approval of the ecclesiastical authorities."

The most bitter opponents of Jesus were not the irreligious, but devoted churchmen, many of whom died for their faith. The most biting denunciations of Jesus were not of prostitutes and thieves, but of the hard-hearted self-righteous. Why then has the church expelled members for adultery but not for unkindness? Is a hard heart not supreme heresy?

It's a Pity We Miss the Point

It is a pity that we call His most famous story "The Prodigal Son." We miss the point. The Pharisees had been condemning Jesus for eating with sinners. The whole punch of the story therefore is that the Father (God) forgives, but "brother" man does not!

He asks for justice, "Lo, these many years have I served thee, neither at any time have I transgressed one of Thy commandments," forgetting the warning of Jesus (borrowed by Shakespeare for Portia), that in the course of justice none of us would see salvation.

How many of us like the elder brother have congealed into a comfortable gelatine of self-righteousness? So in Hawthorne's Transfiguration, Miriam reproaches the self-righteous Hilda: "You have no sin nor any conception of it; therefore you are so terribly severe."

The story called "The Good Samaritan" has an inadequate title too. That 10th chapter of Luke's Gospel with wich this story ends has a fearful castigation of closed minds.

Avoided by 'Good' Churchmen

The point of the parable is . . . But a certain Samaritan as he journeyed came where he was; and when he saw him he had compassion on him."

Now the Samaritan was a particularly detested foreigner who did not belong to the church. He was even forbidden on pain of death from entering the sacred precincts of the temple!

The distinctive contribution of early Christians to the way of life was contained in "agape," a word meaning an unconquerable good will that ruled out retaliation completely. Why then is there not more love in the churches? Why are church members so unkind? How can a church body approve as it has the revengeful executions in Cuba? Why is it so easy to hate and so hard to love?

Certainly the Pope's approach to the Protestant Church and invitation to fellowship should be received with the utmost charity and earnest desire for an increase of unity. "Where love is, God is."

HISTORIC OUTPOST

Heart's Content, a settlement on the Avalon Peninsula on the east coast of Newfoundland, was founded about 1650.

The Car Corner

Red Freeway: Who'll Use It?

By J. T. JONES

They're building a superhighway 68 miles long around Moscow. Eight lanes, cloverleaf intersections—the real American freeway kind of road.

The Russians are pushing the work through in the depths of the Moscow winter—which I understand is something like a Winnipeg winter— and that calls for both respect and pity. Work should be finished in 1964.

The new highway is nearly 80 feet wide, with four lanes going each way and a green strip planted down the middle. There is room to widen it to 12 lanes if need be.

And this raises the question; who's driving all those cars? The Russians must be spreading the luxuries around a bit. Not even the whopping civil service of the Soviet capital could command enough vehicles to fill a 68-mile, 12-lane superhighway with traffic.

There have been some interesting smaller cars announced from Russia lately, notably the Pobeda, which has been converted into a snowmobile among other things. It was to be the mass-market car, and there were some fears that it might crash into the world market, upsetting things for the West.

There is also a smallish sedan with four-wheel drive.

We tend to think over here of Russian cars as imitation Packards called ZIS, ZIV, ZIM and so on, all driven at fantastic speeds with drawn curtains through otherwise traffic-free streets.

It's a fact, these big chariots do roar about Moscow with their loads of assorted Kremlin bigshots. But somebody else—a lot of somebody elses—must be getting into the act.

The most intriguing thing about Moscow traffic is this: On the new superhighway the speed limit will be 75. In the country it is 45. But in Moscow itself there is no speed limit at all.

The Blue Water

Point 'A' to Point 'B'

By JOHN FREDERIC GIBSON

My dictionary defines navigation as a method of determining a ship's position by geometry and nautical astronomy. This seems to indicate a complex art, mysterious and difficult for the novice.

In point of fact each one of us navigates each time we row a 14-foot dinghy across a harbor. Migrating birds can appreciate the pattern of the night sky, and the swing of this pattern from east to west between dusk and dawn. Our instincts may not be so highly developed in proportion to our intellects, but we can judge distances and relative bearings by eye. We avoid a rock which may be invisible at high tide by heading for some object on the farther shore, instinctively following the same course which cleared the rock when it was plain to see.

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Many of the complications of navigation derive from the fact that we are forced to depart from instinct and use instruments. While a ship is being built it will slowly gain a magnetic field which can be perfectly symmetrical, particularly if the vessel lies on a north and south line while under construction. However, this field will affect the magnetic compass and the radio waves of the direction-finder. Thus, if you follow me, the navigational problems involved are the result of our using electrical and magnetic gadgets in a steel ship.

The words "nautical astronomy" need not cause alarm. If we sail past a lighthouse (200 feet above sea level on the chart) and find by sextant or range-finder that the angle between our eye and the light is 25 degrees, it is easy to find our distance from the light, by angle and distance tables.

It is no different with the sun or other stars. Every minute or fraction of a minute of our day (Pacific Standard Time) the sun is directly over some point on earth. It might be Timbuctoo, for instance. The astronomers have done all the spade-work and set all this out in their almanacs. We have to use our sextant to find the altitude of the sun at some precise moment. We also note the sun's bearing.

* * *

But if we proceeded along these lines we would need a chart covering thousands of miles, from Timbuctoo to wherever you might be, and the mathematicians have ingeniously reversed the whole process.

They say that if you assume that you are a hundred miles west of Victoria breakwater at 1000 hours on March 1, 1959, the altitude of the sun would be 40 degrees, 10 minutes. But your sextant reads 40 degrees, nine minutes. Thus the position line on which you sail lies one mile from your assumed position. In this case it is away from the direction of the sun.

This is simlification, certainly. But the navigator does not have to tackle spherical trigonometry; he simply uses the formula and—hey presto—the figures mysteriously produce an answer.

* * *

One of the most difficult things about navigation is that one must have faith in it. On occasions, while navigating a submarine in wartime, I found that my assumed and calculated positions were 30 miles apart. It was always an effort to discard my own little pencilled circle which was the result of a series of hunches. But, believe me, the stars are always right. Incidentally, a good landfall is a most satisfying experience.

Suppose (for some strange reason) you wish to take your boat from Victoria to Ross Bay when visibility is down to half a cable. The Tide Tables indicate that there will be an ebb during the afternoon. The direction and rate of this ebb can be deduced from arows on the chart. I have assumed (on the accompanying map) that you are motoring at six knots and that you pass the breakwater at 1500 hours. Your wish is to proceed to position B. This is a 10-minute run. But the tidal influence on your boat, shown by the dotted line DB, will make it necessary to steer for D for 12 minutes. You will then reach B at 1512.

Exactly the same geometric pattern exists for your second course. Twelve minutes heading ENE½E at six knots will take you to position C.

This is simple mechanics, the parallelogram of forces, which affects everything from ice yachts to sputniks in eliptical orbits. Had you not applied some corection for the tide you would have been in position F by 1520. By 1530 you might have been wading ashore to look for your insurance policy.

* * *

It is impossible to separate theory from practice where navigation is concerned. The only safe rule is: Apply the theory if in doubt.

Required: chart, tide tables, compass, parallel ruler, pair of dividers, pencil and a watch.

Off the Record

Unhappiness Is Just Thing Called Dough

BY JIM TAYLOR

Crying in your beer on records has become both fashionable and highly profitable.

Perhaps it's a sign of the times, but teen-agers apparently want to cry, and are willing to pay for the privilege. The "unhappy" songs are piling up hefty sales records in the United States, Canada and Australia, and the crying jag is expected to hit Europe with the same impact in a few months.

You don't believe it? All right, consider the current hit parade, and get out your handkerchief.

One of the season's best-sellers has been "Tom Dooley," which deals dolefully with a man being hung. Johnny Cash is making it big with "Don't Take Your Guns to Town," which tells of an innocent boy being gunned down in a saloon. "Life To Go" is about imprisonment and "Springtime in Alaska" is a blow-by-blow of a burial.

Just at the moment most of the fuss in the United States deals with "The Ballad of Barbara Graham," a Valor recording cut by Val Norman. The Graham disc, according to its critics, was etched for the purpose of abolishing capital punishment.

JIM TAYLOR

Personally, I think it was cut to make money, and probably will. It's tied in with the movie "I Want to Live," which deals with the execution of Barbara Graham, and tells the story with much attention to grisly detail.

The disc is being banned right and left by radio stations, which means that people will soon be scurrying to record shops to buy it.

One record executive explains the song trend is due to teen-agers becoming bored with the old-fashioned love songs—the June-Moon things having become trite.

Unhappiness is just a thing called dough.

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LPs: The **Richie Valens** LP, released only days before the 17-year-old singer was killed in a plane crash, is zooming up the charts and will soon reach best-seller heights . . . Latest to get the "greatest hits" LP treatment from Columbia are **Rosemary Clooney** and **Tony Bennett** . . . One of the weirdest, and funniest, LPs in some time is "The Garbage Collector in Beverly Hills" by **Irving Taylor.** It deals with such unlikely occupations as "Hawaiian Worm Raiser," "Prison Interior Decorator," and "Marriage Counselor in a Turkish Harem."

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SELECTED SINGLES: An instrumental to watch is "Fried Eggs," as done by a new group called the **Intruders.** It's got the dancing beat that spells hit . . . Newest single by **Perry Como** is a thing called "Tomboy" . . . **Buchannan** and **Goodman,** who made so much with their flying saucer records, try again with "Frankenstein for '59," which adds up to just another mish-mash of phrases from hit records. They wasted their time . . . The **Dejohn Sisters** (remember "No More?") have teamed up with **Dick Haymes** for a Latin tune called "Watermelon Heart" that might get them all back in the money . . . My favorite vocal group, the **Four Preps,** have redone "She Was Five and He was 10."

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